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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

SUCK

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A BIG FIRE FOR AN OLD WOMAN TO PUT OUT.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF JOS. KEPPLER.
BUSINESS MANAGER A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

CONTENTS.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.
Unfinished Diaries, Found at the O-I-C Man's.
PUCKERINGS.
FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CLIV.
Puck's Hints for Masquerade-Ball Costumes—illus.
Puck's Patent Ready Letter-Writer. Form III.
The Streets of New York—illustrated.
Business Schools.
Shopping in Boston—John Albro.
At Last—poem—illustrated.
LITERARY NOTES.
ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
Malaria—Isabel H. Reid.
AMUSEMENTS.
A 19th Century Boom.
Last New Year's Day—illustrated.
Retaliation—illustrated.
"None name it but to praise."
PUCK'S EXCHANGES.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"IRELAND for the Irish!" is the cry, and certainly the Irish are having a great deal of that unfortunate country to themselves; for strangers do not like to stay there, for fear of being shot at. We cannot say that we blame them. The turbulent peasantry and agitators are thoroughly enjoying themselves. They are, "bedad Sir," reveling in the excitement of State trials and the presence of several thousands of British troops, who, if they should tread on the tail of the traditional coat, would create the most "ilegant shindy intoirey." The only wonder is that the British government permits the country to remain in a state of terrorism. It is too long-suffering altogether. If we were in Mr. Gladstone's place—and perhaps it is unfortunate both for England and Ireland that we are not—we flatter ourselves that we would make pretty short work of the trouble that now exists. We think, under our administration, that Ireland would be as comfortable a country to live in as England, or any other well-ordered community. Mr. Gladstone's policy would not be ours for a moment. We should quietly sit on the up-roarious gentry, peaceably if we could, forcibly if we must, and then we would see about righting their real or fancied wrongs.

* *

Nothing should be considered until it was as safe for a landlord to walk from one end of the country to the other as it is now for the rowdiest descendent of the Irish kings. But what do Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright and other liberals do? They let these Irishmen act pretty much as they please. They have been practically holding out to them a premium to trample on legitimate government, and the consequence is that the whole island is in a blaze. Mr. Gladstone, with his temporizing methods, is like an old woman trying to extinguish a huge fire with a watering pot. We know the Irish character better than Mr. Gladstone. We have plenty of Irishmen here—too many in fact—and there is but one way to manage them. We understand the way, although it cannot always be carried out. We did it once when, some years ago, Irish Roman Catholics tried to prevent the equally ridiculous Orangemen from parading in this city. A hundred and twenty people lost their lives for their pains, including some innocent onlookers. If we had anything to say in Ireland we should quietly, but firmly, adopt our New York methods, and

we will warrant that in a very short time the country would not know itself, so changed would it be for the better.

* *

The Democratic party is making desperate efforts to re-organize itself, but as yet it is doubtful if it will succeed. There are too many discordant elements in the party for it ever to take the position—even if it should win a presidential election—that its rival now holds. There is really very little difference in the political faith of Republicans, no matter what section of the country they hail from—but it is not so with the Democrats. The Northern Democrat is from the Southern Democrat as far as the poles asunder. The Tammany Democrat, too, has nothing in common with other New York Democrats, as the defeat of Hancock has clearly shown. Who is the man that has set the Democratic party back some fifty years? It is a gentleman of the name of Kelly. He is the Jonah of the party. To be identified with him is to be identified with certain defeat and discomfiture. Real Democrats are beginning to awake to the situation, and Mr. Kelly is voted wholly superfluous. It is about time. Indeed he is all but, if not quite overboard. The storm rages, his best friends desert him, and Mayor Cooper and his re-constructed ex-Kellyites are the men who commit the body to the deep. The fish is lying in wait to receive it. Our artist has given this creature an ecclesiastical cap. Mr. Kelly ought to take advantage of this hint and retire at once to a monastery, free from the turmoil of future elections.

* *

England has on hand another of those little wars without which she is never comfortable. The Boers of South Africa have now their turn, the Zulus, Ashantees, Maoris, Abyssinians, Afghans and a thousand other tribes of dark-skinned savages having been polished off by the heavy hand of Great Britain. Of course in so large an empire there must be trouble going on somewhere, just as policemen in a large city always find somebody to "run in." But England invariably gets at loggerheads with these barbarous nationalities when there is not the slightest occasion for it. Take these Boers, for instance. As Mr. Labouchère says, there is no more reason why England should annex the Boers than why the Boers should annex England, except that might makes right. These Boers may be ignorant, but they are hardy, resolute and stubborn, and if they prefer to govern themselves in their own way, they ought to be allowed to do so without reference to England or any other power. England has really no right at all to interfere with these people, much less to deprive them of their national independence. She is just as wrong in provoking war, as in this instance she has done, as she would be right in bringing the turbulent Irish to their senses.

* *

Genius is a curse. So is smartness, in a smaller way. A man sometimes gets along in the world by being stupid. Other people look out for him and watch over his interests. Nobody takes care of your clever man. He can take care of himself, the world says; and he generally has to, poor devil. Now there is Hayes, for instance. If he had been a clever man, he would never have been President of the United States. He might have worn out his life longing for it, working for it, fighting for it, like Henry Clay. Being a very respectable and rather dull person, others pushed him forward, and fairly forced him into the seat destined for Mr. Samuel J. Tilden.

* *

Now he is going back to the bucolic delights of Fremont, with the savings of his salary, the hundred-and-fifty-thousand, or there-

abouts, skimped from his yearly salary. His four years of office have been fat years for him. He has set a barren and wineless table; he has indulged only in the mild dissipation of attending church and agricultural fairs, and he has offended no one. His four years have glided by to the music of Sunday-school hymns, sung at even-tide, when his mellow baritone blended sweetly with W. K. Rogers's tender treble, in the parlor of the White House.

* *

Now that he is going away, smug and comfortable and contented, he has the satisfaction of knowing that all his friends are well cared for. Every nonentity in his cabinet is provided for. McCreery and Key are judges in Iowa and Tennessee; Devens is in the Supreme court, and Admiral Thompson is to be secretary of the prospective canal company. Of those who are not nonentities, Financier Sherman has a future before him as the Senator from Ohio, and only Evarts and Carl Schurz are left out in the cold.

* *

This neglect is cruel on Mr. Hayes's part; but it is only the way of the world. Willy and Charley are bright boys; they can get along by themselves. Mr. Hayes may strap his trunk and start for Ohio with a light heart, unwounded by any pangs of conscience at leaving two delicate flowers unshielded from the cold wind which may blow next March, when the new administration comes in. And so there is a good chance for Willy to write a book, which Charley may translate into German and publish serially in the *Westliche Post*, on "The Disadvantages of Being Clever."

A DAILY PUCK

would undoubtedly be a great blessing to the world; but, at present, this is a beautiful dream, incapable of realization. We have, however,

PUBLISHED

a book called PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1881, which is eminently calculated to make the world brighter, happier and better. It may be read

EVERY DAY

with increasing sensations of admiration and delight; and is as satisfying as a daily paper which contains

ALL THE NEWS

of the day. It is full of bright and sparkling sketches and artistic illustrations, and is almost

PRESENTED

to the reader, at the low price of 25 cents. PUCK'S ANNUAL is inclosed

IN A

gorgeously illuminated cover, and from the first page of its Almanac to the final poem is more

HUMOROUS

than any similar publication ever heard of. There have been some very fair English "annuals," but we who are native here and to the

MANNER

born, require something truly American. Such a production is

TO BE HAD

in PUCK'S ANNUAL, and we are free to maintain that

OF ALL

similar publications, PUCK'S ANNUAL takes the cake. It has already established a friendly feeling between the

NEWSDEALERS

and the public, and the U. S. Treasury is already seriously embarrassed by the popular demand for coins of the value of

25 CENTS.

This might be a large price for a daily paper, but it is a very small sum to pay for

PUCK'S ANNUAL

UNFINISHED DIARIES,
FOUND AT THE O-I-C MAN'S.

MR. GUSTAVUS GASSAWAY ROUNDER'S DIARY.

Saturday, January 1st, 1881.

This year I have made a resolution, and I am going to stick to it. I will never go to bed without writing up my diary. I am putting this down on the 2d Jan. It does not matter for once. I could not do it last night—my head ached—for I had made 89 calls. I can't think how this box of chocolate cream caramels could have got crushed in the tail pocket of my dress coat. I think my last visit was at Susannah Frumper's, but am not quite sure. I always liked that girl. I must have my hat blocked and get Straps, my tailor, to put new lining in the pockets of my coat and mend the tear in my trousers.

Sunday, January 2d.

Did not go to church. Read the *Herald*, dined, slept in afternoon, ditto evening.

Jan. 3.

Went down town. Had hat blocked. Compared notes on New Year's with Joe Henny-penny. Told him about Miss Frumper and the caramels. He said I must have been drunk. I shall not speak to Joe again. He had no right to say that. Straps won't repair coat unless I pay him his bill. Guess I shall have to. Went home and got to bed.

Tuesday, January 4th.

Went down town. Am not quite sure what I did in the evening, but am quite sure I went to bed.

Wednesday, Jan. 5.

Drank several "Hot Scotches" at O'Flaherty's saloon. Believe I played billiards afterwards; but it was either early or late when I got to sleep.

Jan. 6.

Did not go down town to-day. I feel too tired to write any more because—

MISS OLLIE MARGREEN'S DIARY.

Saturday, January the 1st, 1881.

I think a "diary" is *real sweet*. I am going to keep one *forever*. Every night, when others are *wrapt in slumber*, I am going to write the *dearest, secretest* "thoughts of my heart" in it, and tell *everything* that happens to me. I have had a *splendid, glorious* "New Year's Day." I "received"—for the "first time!" with Vangie M'Guffin. We had lots of "callers." I am too tired to write more to-night.

Sunday, January 2nd, 1881.

I slept almost *all day*. I was so tired yesterday. "Papa" was very, very "cross." At supper to-night we had "pâté de foie gras" and "boned turkey," and *all sorts* of things "left over" from yesterday. It quite spoiled my memories of "New Year's"—and made it seem *awfully* unromantic. I feel "tired" still.

Monday, Jan. 3rd, 1881.

I felt still *horridly* fatigued to-day. I don't think it has ever been mentioned before—but one is a *long time* "getting over" one's "New Year's." Did a little *creavel work*, and painted half a jar.

Tuesday, Jan. 4th.

Went out "shopping" in the morning. How horrid! I shall soon have to go back to "school." I can not write more "to-day."

Wednesday.

I should *hate* to be "cynical," like Thackeray and "Papa"—but *almost everything* is vanity. I do not think I shall keep a "diary" *any longer*.

MR. JAWGE DOUBLESOUL'S DIARY.

Saturday, January 1st, 1881.

New Year's calls? No, sir! not for me. It is a useless and ridiculous custom. Why should I follow it? Henceforth I shall devote myself

to recording daily my impressions of the people I meet in this, my diary. What a boon to posterity is a diary! Who knows but that in future ages these very words that I now write may be pondered on by philosophers? I shall not write commonplaces. High-erected thoughts alone shall flow from my pen. But dinner is ready.

Sunday, Jan. 2nd.

I have been reading Shakspere. He is a great poet. I like him. Posterity may indorse my opinion. I feel that it will do so. Why did I not resolve to keep a diary before? What valuable ideas have I lost by my negligence! But now all will be treasured.

Monday, January 3rd.

I have read what I have written. How sweet it seems. I feel that my diary has inspired me with strength and poesy. I shall never cease to feel thankful for my good fortune.

Jan. 4.

Hang it all! My wife has suddenly returned from Philadelphia, and I thought she was to be away for a month. How can a fellow keep up anything when he's—

MISS ANGELINA RUSHERVILLE'S DIARY.

Jan. 1st, 1881.

Must poz. keep a di.—just for a mem. Do so many things—can't remem. N' Year's Reccep. to-day. Splen. 173 callers. Received with Mame. Jones. Wore blue silk, sat. trim. Awf. tired.

Jan. 2, '81.

Church in morn. Slept rest of day. Slept eve. Going to slumb. now.

Jan. 3, '81.

Morn. played pian. Moz. Symph. Edgar Smith called aft. Talked keram. art. Good aft. Eve. din. at Green's. Then ball Williams's. No more di.

MR. FROZOUT DE COLDE'S DIARY.

Thursday, Jan. 6th, 1881.

I am told it is a good thing to keep a diary, so I am going to do it. I don't exactly know what to put down, but I suppose if I write about what's on my mind it will be all right. I believe I made some calls on New Year's Day, and, on counting my cash, I found I must have spent as follows:

Cocktail	15	Cocktail	15
Boot-cleaning.	10	Cocktail to barkeeper.	15
Cocktail.	15	Purchase of peanuts	100
Horse-car	5	Gratuity to newsboy	50
Cocktail.	15	Cocktail	15
Elevated Railroad.	10	Extra cocktail	15
Cocktail.	15	Use of whisk in barber- shop.	10
Boot-cleaning.	10	Cocktail	15
Gratuity to boot-cleaner	25	Gratuity to policeman.	2.00
Cocktail to boot-cleaner	15	Cocktail to ditto.	15
Cocktail	15	Sundry cocktails.	5.00
Gratuity to barkeeper.	50		

Shall try to balance to-morrow.

Jan. 7.

The right time to begin a diary is on the 1st of the month. I have led off with the 6th instead. Suppose it doesn't matter. I'll make up for it next year when—

MISS PRIMEVA GOSSUP'S DIARY.

Jan. 1st, 1881.

Young as I am—only twenty-nine—whatever a cruel world may say—I think I must keep a diary to remind me of various subjects of conversation. I must not forget to mention what I heard to-day about Tom Bolin's wife. He is only eight months in heaven, and she is going to marry again—they say the de Vere girls are so poor that they are going to open a millinery shop—Arthur Flitters is flirting again with that artful widow—the Darby-Joneses are going to separate; both of them have begun divorce suits—young Swaroff was seen shockingly in'oxicated to-day. This is the bottom of the page. I really must get a larger diary.

Puckeyings.

THIS IS PUCK's double-barreled centennial —his two-hundredth number—a score never made before by any American paper of this peculiar style. The event is a pleasant one; but it comes so close after New Year's that it falls right into the regions of fractured good resolutions. Hence there will be no extra celebration of the occasion.

MR. PARNELL is the John Kelly of Ireland.

THE BOSTON girl calls it "Medyayval Decorative Art."

THE DEMOCRATIC remedy in this city seems to be to fly from too much boss to too many bosses.

A LEARNED GERMAN says that the bite of the tarantula does not set people dancing. The learned German knows nothing about it.

THE ICE-MEN stand on the banks of the Hudson all the way from Yonkers to Albany and moan: "Oh, that this too solid ice would melt!"

JAPAN is making efforts to economize, and, with this end in view, each inhabitant has undertaken to use but one paper pocket-handkerchief a week.

A MAN in San Francisco, on his bridal tour, committed suicide by swallowing laudanum because he had no money. But where was the necessity for the laudanum?

IN KANSAS, according to the *Summer County Press*, Moses was not the author or writer of the first five books in the Bible. The writer of "Beautiful Snow" has a great deal to answer for.

THE BLACKFEET, Blood and Piegan Indians are abandoning their savage life and becoming civilized. They will in future do their scalping by machinery and throw aside the old-fashioned knife.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK has a population of over five millions, and it speaks much for its prosperity that each one of these five millions should have been able to buy a copy of PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1881.

AT TIFFANY'S, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt *loquaciter*:—"Give me another half pound of diamonds; but larger ones. Tie them up more securely. The string broke off the last bundle and half of them tumbled out."

"I DON'T KNOW," said Roach, "that I exactly understand the bill which Fernando Wood has introduced, but, if it is designed to refund to me any of the money which I wasted on the subsidy lobby last winter, I'm for it heart and soul."

IT is difficult for anyone to understand how a woman can be happy whose seal-skin sacque has been lengthened by sewing on it a piece of fur. She knows that her sacque is short, and everybody knows it is short, and she knows that everybody knows it, and everybody knows that she knows it, and everybody knows that she knows that everybody knows it, and she knows that everybody knows that she knows that everybody knows it, and everybody knows that she knows that everybody knows that she knows that everybody knows it.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLIV.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.



Ya-as, my fwends of Gweat Bwitain have witten to me about Irwisch affa-ahs. There are terrible goings-on in that country. I am a little interwested, because some of my welations have a considerwable amount of pwoerty there. They can't get their

went paid, and the peasantry are in distwess; and in some distwicts it is quite dangerous to live, as some wuffians are constantly amusing themselves by getting behind hedges and putting bullets throught the bwains of landlords. Sevewral membahs of aw Parliament, who wepwesent Irwisch constituencies, if they have not pwecisely encourwaged the murderwing of my fwends, have at any wate winked at it, and I am verwy glad that they are to be bwought to twial faw their behavior.

I believe the twials are now going on, and that P-P-Parnell, whom I have weferwed to on sevewral previous occasions, is the pwincipal pwisionah, and I can't help desirwing that he may be severely wepwimanded or twansported. Ireland can never expect to make any pwogress so long as all these fellaws are allowed to kick up such horwid wows and make everwybody and everwything so uncomfortable.

I know that if I personally owned any pwoerty in Ireland I should take pwecious good care to get wid of it as wapidly as possible, faw I don't see the fun of being made a target of, and being fwighted to move about.

A fellow can always make a target of himself with a wevolvah if he's gwown wearwy of life, but he does not as a rule require othah people to do it. Evah since I can remembah there has been twouble in Ireland about something.

I wemembah that the majority of the parlamenterwy debates that I have occasionally heard, eithah in the Lords or Commons, have been on some Irwisch question, to the exclusion of much maw interwesting things, and I weally think that in one wespect it would be almost better faw the Bwitish government to say to this Island of Ewin, as it is called by some witahs: "Look he-ah, we aw think the time has arwived faw you aw Irwisch people to twy to govern yourselves." But such an arwangement would be quite too awfully widiculous, ye know—because if they did attempt to wule themselves there would be such desperwate stwuggles and confusion that the whole country would be in a state of chaos, and extwa wuin would follow.

There is a verwy large numbah of Irwisch emigwants he-ah. No one appe-ahs to admire them verwy considerwably.

If Irwischmen would confine themselves to the manufacture of ulstahs and fwieze coats, or in gwowing potatoes and in dancing jigs and bweakdowns in theatwical performances, it would be all wight. But, when they apparently do nothing but dwink extwemely tweely of whiskey, and wite threatingen lettahs, and bweak heads, and crack skulls, and flourwish shillelahs, and twy to starve out wespectable people and inflict injurwies on dumb animals, I think aw the time has arwived to eithah we-form or impwison the aw wascals that do such wepwhehensible things. I think impwishment or twansportation would be the bettah wemedey.

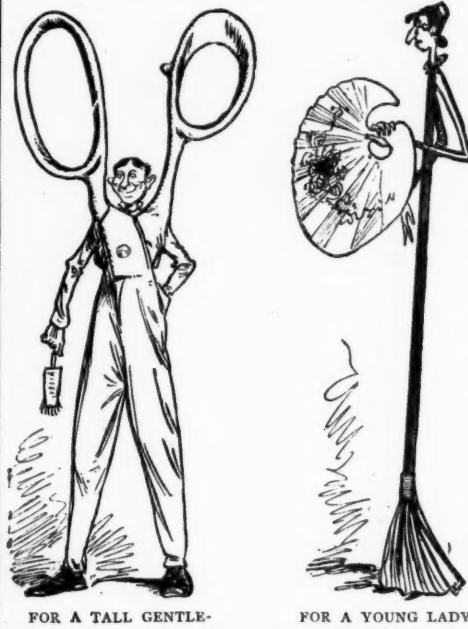
P.S.—I have aw just been weading extwacts fwom telegwams and lettahs fwom Ireland.

I find aw that the pwincipal Judge wefuses to sit, because a gweat many people say he is

pwejudiced against all Irwischmen and has ex-pwessed his opinions sevewral times to a Gwand Jurwy. He is, Jack says, a sensible fellow not to have anything to do with the affai-ah.

It must in any case be verwy disagweable faw any Judge to have to twy any of these con-stwuctive webels aw.

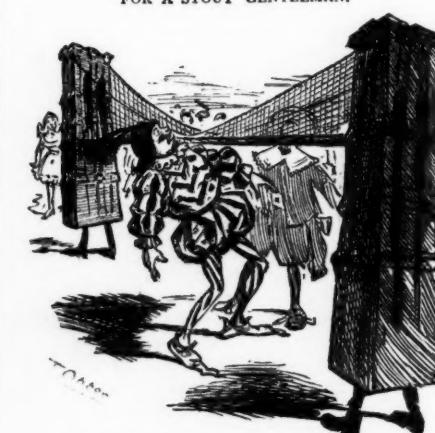
PUCK'S HINTS
FOR
MASQUERADE BALL COSTUMES.



FOR A TALL GENTLEMAN.

FOR A YOUNG LADY OF ARTISTIC TASTES.

FOR A STOUT GENTLEMAN.



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE COSTUME,
FOR TWO GENTLEMEN.

PUCK'S PATENT READY LETTER-WRITER.

ADAPTED TO POPULAR NEEDS.



[Continued from last week.]

FORM III.

LETTER ACCEPTING AN INSULT FROM A MAN SMALLER THAN ONES-SELF.

Jonesville, Jan. 32d, 1881.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN:

While I am fully sensible of the degrading nature of the affronts you have offered me; and while I realize the fact that they are such as may only be effaced by prompt and extensive sanguinary effusion, yet I feel it incumbent upon me to let you distinctly understand that, as an important, and not wholly uninterested party to the transaction, I shall refuse to countenance the barbarian phlebotomy sanctioned by the code of honor.

Let me impress upon you, my dear Mr. Brown, the fact that I am not ignorant of a situation whose significance appeals most directly to me. I am not lacking in awareness of the fact that you have pulled, as the vulgar idiom phrases it, my nose; that you have extended me in the dust of the public highway, and there sat upon my person for the space of eleven minutes and some seconds.

Nor will I plead ignorance of our relative proportions. I will admit that I am sufficiently your superior in size and weight to throw the balance of power upon my side, while the discrepancy is not great enough to place you within the pale of my obligatory generosity.

Yet, calmly and judicially viewing the facts thus set forth I reiterate my firm refusal, grounded on the highest and loftiest principles of human self-respect, to challenge you to any sort of combat whatsoever.

If the reasons which I advance for this determination appear to you with one-half the force with which they present themselves to me, your acute intelligence will be satisfied with the logical development of my almost instinctive ideas on the subject.

You have, it is true, pulled my nose, rolled me in the dirt, sat upon me. These various operations, while they no doubt afforded you an entrancing pleasure, contained for me no noticeable element of delight. Why, then, should I afford you the opportunity of repeating performances the benefit resulting from which is so unequally distributed?

It is, of course, or it should be, a pleasure to all right-thinking mortals, to give pleasure to others. Yet I cannot see wherein you have deserved any peculiar and extravagant amount of consideration on my part. I should like to give you once more the gratification of inflicting physical degradation upon me; but I think there should be more reciprocity in the matter. I deny the right of the code of honor to influence my views. It is my nose that was pulled; my person that was sat upon, and, with all due respect to you, my dear Mr. Brown, I propose to be the guardian of their welfare. I remain, therefore,

Yours amicably,
JOHN JONES.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.



THE PERAMBULATING ADVERTISEMENT NUISANCE.

BUSINESS SCHOOLS.

THE business school is strictly an American institution, and as strictly a humbug of the worst kind.

The proprietors of these establishments profess to teach the youth how to become merchants and traders, but as a matter of fact the youngsters are no better off when they enter an office, than boys who have just left an ordinary public school, who had no special object in view.

In many cases they are vastly inferior to the ordinary boy, because they have got hold of a lot of useless mercantile, technical jargon of which they do not understand the true significance, and they labor under the impression that they have consequently mastered the whole arcana of mercantile affairs.

The so-called graduate from one of these mercantile schools enters, we will say, the office of a down town foreign commission merchant. Puffed up with his superficial training and the consciousness that he writes a fair hand, he, corrupted by his silly instructors, goes into the counting room with the idea that he is prepared to teach his employers their business.

It is a long time before it begins to dawn on him that his experience in his business school—from which, by the way, he has received a gorgeously illuminated diploma—has not been so valuable after all.

He has probably carried on bogus transactions in foreign exchange, but he would stare at a book-keeper, in blank astonishment, who would ask him to make a calculation to turn dollars into pounds sterling or francs, for practical purposes.

He has heard of and played at brokers' contracts, but even with a knowledge of the rate of brokerage he would feel rather dumbfounded

if he were suddenly called upon to calculate the amount.

The fact is that, pretty as it is playing at these things, when they have to be put to practical use they won't work at all.

It is truly delightful for Master Tom Smarty to march up to an imaginary desk in his business college, and buy on varied terms untold millions' worth of dry-goods, and show the wonderful progress he has made in the art of book-keeping, by making beautifully neat and technically correct entries in his journal; but, as a matter of experience, it has about as much value as a ticket in the Louisiana Lottery.

If Master Smarty is not a natural born idiot, and he has not been made a hopeless lunatic by what they have attempted to teach him in the business school, it will by degrees begin to dawn on him that he does not know as much about commerce as he thought he did.

His confidence in his ability to manage a bank or to be Secretary of the Treasury at a moment's notice gradually weakens, and after some time he will be conscious of the fact that there are some things to be learnt in a mercantile office of which he had heard nothing whatever before, and that his teachers were not sound in theory and were infernally bad in practice.

Happy is the boy who finds out all these things within a reasonable period.

If he grows up to be a father, he will probably not send his son to a business college; but if he wishes him to learn business, his own early experience will have taught him that the only proper way to acquire any knowledge of practical commerce is in an office where practical commerce is carried on.

SHOPPING IN BOSTON.

FILBERTSON reveled in the bliss of being first cousin to a young lady of Boston, of culchaw and of spectacles. She had a duty to perform—a duty which she pronounced with a j. She was to purchase materials for cloaks and coats, etc., for the juniors of the family, Katherine and Alonzo. The walk to and from the dry-goods shop would be wasted time, unless she could fire protophytology, or Greek roots, or the formation of coal beds into somebody; so she graciously allowed Filbertson to go along and garner wisdom as he went.

The cotton he had surreptitiously stuffed his ears with was but imperfect protection, and he was vainly hoping she would get stuck on one of her polysyllabic stunners long enough for him to devise a plan to induce her into some adjacent sausage factory and grind her up into dictionaries. His auricular ameliorative was beginning to smoke when the shop was reached.

A New York clerk would have listened to her learnedness, punctuated with spectacles, for about seven minutes, rushed into the subcellar, stabbed himself smilingly with his scissors and sent his ghost up to finish her.

In time she descended to dry-goods and punched Filbertson with her parasol to enlist his attention to a professed purchase. He thought she called it clush-ploaking, but has since concluded that his sudden waking and the ear-protectors caused a confusion of sound. He thinks that she meant plush-cloaking. She demands his opinion of it. His reply was:

"I think that will do to buy for Kate."

There was a radiant flash of burning light from the spectacles, a despairing shriek, a rigid female! She had fainted and fallen. She recovered after weeks of prostration. He, too, survived, but had a severe relapse on hearing explained the word bifurcate. JOHN ALBRO.

AT LAST.

A SAD STORY OF THE SUICIDE MANIA.

I.

JEREMIAH WINTERGREEN
Wished to wear an angel's robes
Wished to sail, in heavenly sheen,
Round the gay celestial globes:

II.

Wished life's monster mystery
Suddenly and soon to solve;
Wished the planets' plans to see:
How the circling spheres revolve.

III.

For the idol of his soul
Coldly had abandoned him—
As a woman will. His whole
Future seemed extremely dim.

IV.

But at every druggist's store,
They refused, as stern as Fate,
Arsenic to sell him, or
E'en corrosive sublime.



V.

Thus of means of dying balked,
Death he wooed another way;
Into Central Park he walked
On a gloomy winter's day.

VI.

In his hand a cord he bore;
In his heart a deep-set scorn;
And a look of pain he wore—
And an ulster somewhat torn.

VII.

Laid he then his ulster by,
From its pocket slowly drew
Half a yard of rope, to tie
To a bough of English yew;

VIII.

And the other end he looped
Round his neck; then made a spring:
But, before his spirit scooped,
Park policemen cut the string.



IX.

Then with all unconquered will
To his boarding-house he went;
Sore about the neck; but still—
Still on self-destruction bent.

X.

In his chamber's solitude,
Safely locked, with key and bolt,
Cud of bitter thought he chewed,
Loading up a mighty Colt.

XI.

"Earth, farewell!" he grimly said:
"Take from me my parting curse!"—
Pulled the catch. * * * *
He was not dead
Nor especially the worse.

XII.

For his neighbor, with alarm,
Heard the suicidal scoff,
Burst the door, and caught the arm;
And the ball went harmless off.



XIII.

Still his purpose held its sway,
And he sought the lonely dock,
In the dawning's ghostly gray—
Namely, just at five o'clock.

XIV.

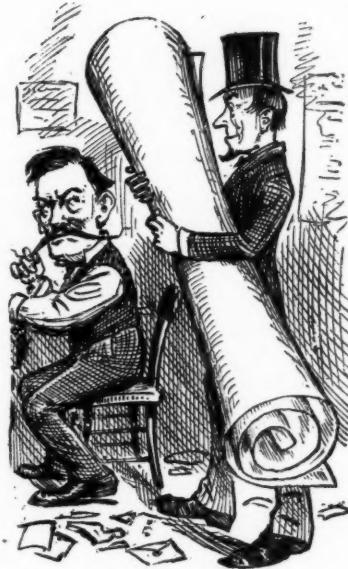
Heard the waters rippling free
As among the spiles they plunked;
Saw them toward the mighty sea
Bear a feline form defunct.

XV.

Said: "Oh, softly heaving waves,
Hide me 'neath your opal sheen.
Is not, of your thousand graves,
One reserved for Wintergreen?"

XVI.

Then he leaped the string-piece o'er,
Cleft the water like a knife
* * * *
And an Irish stevedore
Gaffed him back to lonely life.



XVII.
When pneumonia's fingers cold
Loosed him, after many days,
And the Bellevue doctors told
Wintergreen to go his ways,

XVIII.
Then unto himself he said,
As he thought the problem o'er—
"Heaven, that will not have me dead,
Keeps some higher fate in store."

XIX.
High ambition filled his breast,
Life was precious once again;
And he yearned no more for rest;
But procured a fountain pen.

XX.
And when winter's strength was spent,
And the birds began to sing,
To AN EDITOR he went,
Saying: "I've a pome—on Spring—



XXI.
Pome I'd like to have you hear—
It begins:
"The winter's past—"
That's the style—
"The leaves appear,
Gentle spring has come at last."

XXII.
Then that EDITOR arose.
* * * * *

And he was an Editor.
* * * * *

There was muscle in his clo'es;
* * * * *

In his eyes a look of gore.
* * * * *

XXIII.
Jeremiah Wintergreen
Got to heaven pretty sharp,
That time.
With ecstatic mien
Twangs he now a golden harp.

LITERARY NOTES.

"*La Grande Florine*," by Adolphe Bélot, is the sequel to his "*les Etrangleurs de Paris*." It is quite as interesting and as startlingly horrible as "*The Stranglers*," and the climax is stronger; but the system of making one novel a sequel to another, and so *ad infinitum*, is getting tiresome. Zola has already given us enough of it, and we are sorry to see Bélot following his example. Mr. G. D. Cox is responsible for the translation, and T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia, are the publishers.

The latest number of the *Art Amateur*, edited by Mr. Montague Marks, is an exceedingly attractive one. The illustrations are admirably executed, and the articles are clever, entertaining, and full of information. We do not see very clearly how the art amateur, or professional for that matter, can get along without the *Art Amateur*. The young woman who is keramically inclined must hail the fortnightly appearance of the periodical with joy, for it takes the best care of her hobby, while weightier matters—music, art needlework, "decoration and furniture"—are not neglected.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, a gilt-edged and gorgeously illustrated copy of a new poem, by a hitherto unknown author, Mr. J. W. Watson. The poem is called "*Beautiful Snow*." We think it is about the worst poem we ever saw. It is gushy, cheaply sentimental, and immoral into the bargain. It purports to be an apostrophe addressed to a snow-storm by a Philadelphia female person of bad character. We do not think such literature should be put into the hands of the young and susceptible; and we greatly regret to see that some of our exchanges have had the thoughtlessness to copy portions of Mr. Watson's verses. The book is very handsomely got up, and is sold at the low price of \$2; but we are pained to see a work of this character placed within the reach of minds yet uncontaminated by the morbidly realistic fiction of the day.

Answers to the Anxious.

HASLTINE.—Take her sleigh-riding.

A SUBSCRIBER.—1: We have notified the sage whose chronicles of the fleeting hour you admire, and he will probably let himself be heard from before long. 2: If the newsdealer who told you that PUCK'S ANNUAL wasn't out is a larger man than yourself, speak to him with pity, and as much contempt as you think safe. If he is less imposing than you in his physical proportions, tell him he is mendacious distorter of the eternal verities and a reproach to the civilization of the nineteenth century.

UNKNOWN ASSASSIN.—It would be, as you suggest, a brilliant idea to represent New York as under the rule of the Scotch, with Kelly's dead body in the middle of the arena, on the ground, with Bennett's foot upon his throat, plunging his sword into him; Bennett dressed in Highland garb; but, even if our artists were able of drawing Mr. Bennett's foot plunging a sword into Mr. Kelly, they would probably find it out of their power to depict "Campbell and Thompson dancing the Highland Fling and singing 'The Campbells are coming.'" Great as are the strides which Art has made in this century, as yet there has been discovered no way of making a picture sing. That cartoon of yours will have to stand over to the millenium.

CONEY ISLAND.—We give your letter in full, for the benefit of other aspiring young men:

"Secretary of War, Ramsey, was a school-teacher at Kutztown, Pa., in 1838. He fell in love with a Kutztown girl and asked her to marry him, but she refused him because he was poor."—E.

CONEY ISLAND, Dec. 17th.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I suppose every father of a boy in this country thinks it possible that his boy may sometime be President. I suppose mine did. I had hoped that there was a chance for me, till I saw in the papers that when Hayes was at college his best girl went back on him because he was poor,

and that when Garfield was in college his best girl served him in the same way for the same cause. I couldn't help thinking that the evidence was against me, but still had some hope of being Secretary of War, or perhaps Congressman; and now you will see, by the slip I send you, that Ramsay's best girl went back on him because he was poor. Now I want to know how far this thing is to go. Can't a man hold an office in this country unless his first love goes back on him, and why? Mine didn't, and I am almost in despair. I asked her why she didn't to-day, and she said she wished she had. Is that in any way favorable? I anxiously wait for an answer.

Yours truly,

CONEY ISLAND.

The answer to your first question is simple. No man of any experience will consent to hold office in this country unless he has been soured and made misanthropic in early life by some disappointment in love. He can if he wants to; but he won't. As to your own case we can only say that, if the magnitude of the bounce a hapless suitor gets from the idol of his heart bears any relation to the grandeur of the office to which he is thereby made capable of rising, you ought to be fully qualified for the position of President—that is, if you are half so crushingly funny when you are with your girl as you are in that letter to us.

MALARIA.



UR baby lay in its mother's arms,
All sweet with its tiny dimpled charms;
But little mouth and tongue were sore,
And of its food 'twould take no more.
The Doctor hemm'd and shook his head,
And looking wise, he gravely said:
"Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
Three times a day give him quinine!"
Said Grandmamma: "Dear me, that's new;
When I was young we called it 'sprue'!"

Our urchin, Tom, ne'er off his feet,
One day his dinner could not eat;
His head ached so, he was so ill,
Poor Mother's heart with fear did fill.
The Doctor felt his hands and head,
And looking wise, he gravely said:
"Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
Three times a day give him quinine!"
Said Grandmamma: "That can't be so!
He has been smoking, sir, I know!"

Our lady Maud, at seventeen—
As bright a girl as e'er was seen—
One day turned languid, white and frail,
And roses red did strangely pale.
The Doctor felt her pulse and said,
While wisely he did shake his head:
"Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
Three times a day give her quinine!"
Said Grandmamma: "That can't be right!
Why, my good sir, she danced all night!"

Our pride, our oldest, Harry dear,
One night did act so strange and queer
That Mother, frightened, panting, said:
"Run for the Doctor—he'll be dead!"
The Doctor came, and shook his head,
And looking at him, grandly said:
"Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
Three times a day give him quinine!"
"What stuff!" said Grandma: "I am thinking
That good-for-nothing boy's been drinking!"

The head of the house, forever well,
One day fell ill, and, sad to tell,
Could not arise, but loud did cry:
"If this keeps on, I'd rather die!"
The Doctor came, stood by the bed,
And looking solemn, gravely said:
"Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
Three times a day give him quinine!"
Growled Grandmamma: "Oh, fiddle-de-dee!
He's only bilious—seems to me!"

One day our Grandpa—eighty four—
Complained that he could see no more;
That, at his age, it worried him
That his good eyesight should grow dim.
"I've often seen it act that way,"
The Doctor solemnly did say,
"Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
Three times a day, sir, take quinine!"
But Grandma cried: "I never see!
Old man, you're growing old like me!"

ISABEL H. REID.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Abbey is going to do "*Olivette*" at the PARK, on a scale of unusual magnificence. All the magnificence that can be put into "*Olivette*" consists mainly of pink fleshings; and we have no doubt that this operatic gem will be dressed with all the dignity of style that its merits demand.

Miss Mary Anderson is playing "*Ion*" at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. "*Ion*" is not a cheerful play; as a general thing it is safe to say that it enters into the souls of the audience; but on this occasion the British pun is uncalled for. Miss Anderson's youth, beauty and earnestness atone for many faults, and, personally, she is far more interesting than the play.

Signor Salvini is in Boston, under the guidance of Mr. J. St. Maur. If Boston knows where to place its gush properly, it will gush over Salvini. Unfortunately, it would take all the brains there are in Boston a year or two to find out how great a genius and artist Salvini is. If they flock to see him as New Yorkers did, Bostonians will be doing all we expect of them.

Salsbury's Troubadours, in "*The Brook*," are at HAWLEY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. The Troubadours are clever enough, and do their work well; but "*The Brook*" is about as cheerful a piece of dramatic art as the last funeral of a prolonged cholera season. We hate to flatter anything too highly; but that is the kindest thing we can say of "*The Brook*."

The greatest representation of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*" that New York has ever seen is that now given at BOOTH'S. There are real bloodhounds, and real water, and real negroes, with a real Thompson Street odor. What is more, there are real audiences in front, and big ones. If "*Uncle Tom*" is to be done at all, it ought to be done well; and it is done better at Booth's than it has ever been done before.

The Campbell is here—at the STANDARD.

"My Geraldine"
Is she not green?
Almost a Fen-
Ian I ween!
Howe'er, between
Us, I'm not keen
Enough to glean
Wit from each scene;
And must ask e'en,
What does it mean?
Though I have seen
"My Geraldine."

The way in which "*Olivette*" is played at the BIJOU is a credit to the Comley-Barton Company. The piece is a light, thin affair; but it is played with genuine cleverness. This is the best organization ever brought together in this country to sing comic opera in English; and its members rather waste their talent on this tuneful triviality. It is only fair to say, however, that the public does not agree with us in this verdict.

"Forget Me Not."

O WALACK, when you give away
The usual lot
Of deadhead tickets to your play,
Let one unto yours truly stray!

Forget me not!

And, Rose, if you can get a show
Throughout the plot,
As you move softly to and fro,
One of your glances to me throw!

Forget me not!

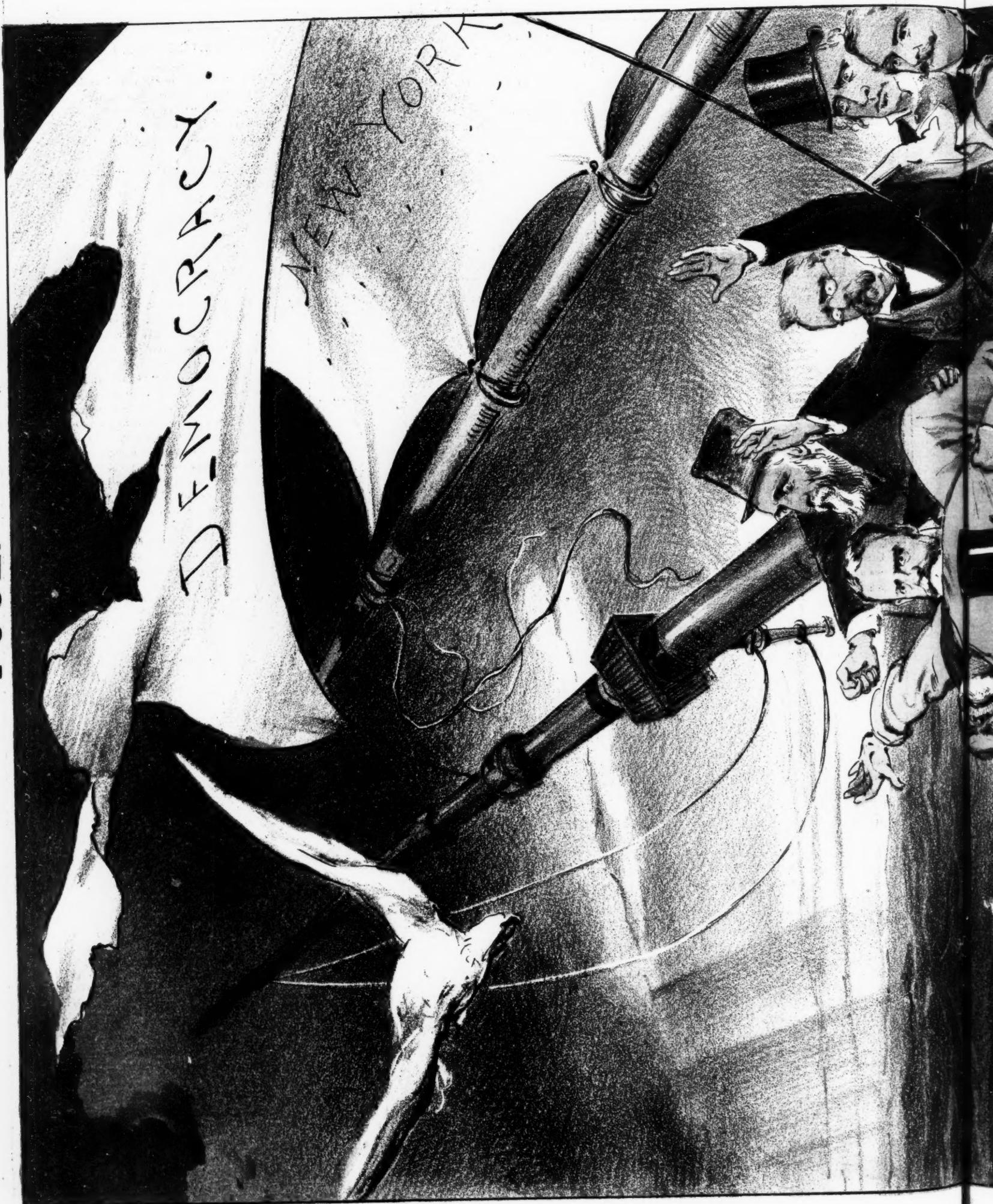
Ah, Genevieve, I hear you say:

"I'll make it hot;
And all the chaps, who used that play,
Will, through full many a long day,
Forget me not."

ARTHUR LOT.

The following numbers of PUCK will be bought at this office, 21 and 23 Warren Street, at 10 cents per copy: 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 16, 17, 19, 21, 22, 24, 33, 37, 43, 54, 56, 76, 77, 89, 117, 131; and No. 26 at 50 cents per copy.

PUCK.





THE LAST RESORT.—LET THE DEMOCRATS THROW THEIR "JONAH" OVERBOARD

A 19th CENTURY BOOM.

CHAPTER VI.

ARNOLD BRINCKLEY.

N the evening following the one on which Mr. Preston had attended the political meeting, he was sitting with his daughter in the back parlor. Mr. Preston had had his dinner, and so he felt at peace with all the world. He was industriously perusing an evening paper, while Bessie, coiled up in an easy chair, was reading a novel. Finally Bessie threw her novel in her lap.

"Papa," said she, "you haven't told me about the meeting."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Preston, "read your book."

"I can't, papa," responded she. "It's one of that kind wherein everybody is slaughtered, and I hate dolorous novels. Tell me about the meeting. That must have been funny."

"Funny," said Mr. Preston severely. "Nothing of that sort, I hope."

"Were the members all ponderous, old-fashioned people?"

"They were very respectable people, if that's what you mean."

"Of course, papa," answered Bessie. "People, who were unmistakably good livers and, presumptively, great speakers. Did you speak, papa?" added she.

"Umph!" said her father. "Don't ask so many questions."

"Did you really speak, papa? I honestly believe you did. Something like this," added she rising from her chair and gesticulating violently, "Fellow citizens, we have reached a condition—a—ah—condition of affairs, when it—ah—that is to say—it—ah—behooves us"—Oh, papa," added she bursting into a merry peal of laughter, "If I could only have heard you."

Just at that moment a servant entered the room and handed a card to Mr. Preston. Bessie flitted to his side and they both read:

"Arnold Brinckley."

"Do we know him, Bessie?" asked Mr. Preston.

Bessie shook her head.

"Ask him in," said Mr. Preston to the servant.

"Must I go, papa?" asked Bessie.

"Oh no, if you'll promise to keep quiet."

"As quiet as a mouse, papa," said she as she once more nestled in her easy chair.

Nothing more could be said, for at that moment the gentleman, whose card they had read, was ushered into the room.

Arnold Brinckley was a fine-looking young fellow about twenty-five years of age. He had a tall, graceful figure, dark hair and moustache, bright black eyes, and pleasant well-cut features. He was just at that period of life when this world is most enjoyable, because then most men have in their bosoms their whole stock of hope.

He entered the room and advanced to Mr. Preston. It must be admitted that as he approached that gentleman

Arnold's eyes gleamed with pleasure as they fell upon the face of Bessie.

And well they might; for, even sitting there quietly, Bessie was a very beautiful young creature. Of course she didn't look at him. Oh, dear, no! Unless the charge made by certain slanderers that women have a habit of seeing everything and everybody out of the tails of their eyes be true. Arnold was quite near to Mr. Preston when he spoke.

"You have probably forgotten me, Mr. Preston," said Arnold, "but I was the Secretary of the meeting last night."

"To be sure," ejaculated Mr. Preston. "Now I remember you perfectly."

"The Chairman directed me," continued Arnold, "to inform you as to the primary which you intended to look after."

"To be sure; but pray be seated," said Mr. P.

Arnold took a chair and placed it so that he could observe Miss Preston while he spoke.

Before, however, he could utter a word, another visitor entered. He was a big, burly, red-faced man about fifty years of age. At the very entrance he called out in a loud tone:

"How are you, Preston?"

Bessie sprang from her chair at once and advanced to him.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you, Doctor Ferguson," said she.

"Of course you are," responded the Doctor; "well people always are."

Having shaken hands with Bessie, the Doctor advanced, with her leaning on his arm, to Mr. Preston. Mr. Preston shook hands very cordially with the Doctor.

"Business, I suppose," said the Doctor, turning to look at Mr. Preston's companion.

Arnold, however, had risen, and, when the Doctor turned, was holding out his hand.

"How do you do, Doctor?" said Arnold.

"Bless me, if it isn't Arnold!" exclaimed the Doctor shaking hands. "Why you never told me that you knew Mr. Preston. How's this, Bessie?" asked he of the girl leaning on his arm. "You never told me you knew Arnold."

"I can explain," said Arnold quickly. "I have called on Mr. Preston as Secretary of a meeting he attended."

"Then," said the Doctor, "I propose to introduce you to him—and to you too, you witch," added he to Bessie: "though perhaps that's dangerous—as one of my friends."

The Doctor kept his promise at once and introduced Arnold to Mr. Preston and Bessie.

"Now" said the Doctor, "I dropped in to have a chat with Preston, so you two nobodies, Bessie and Arnold, take yourselves off in a corner, or to the piano, or somewhere."

"If Miss Preston does not object," said Arnold.

Bessie bowed her acquiescence, and the two young people went to the piano. Bessie sat down on the stool and Arnold stood by her side.

"Did you hear what he called us?" asked Bessie solemnly.

"I really didn't notice. Was it something terrible?"

"Nobodies," ejaculated Bessie.

"I'm afraid," said Arnold, "that, if there were a register kept of social values, I should be classed under that objectionable title."

"And you wouldn't protest?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, I should," said Bessie promptly.

"And you really don't care?"

"No," answered Arnold looking into her eyes, "not so long as he classes pleasant people under that title."

Bessie suddenly began to play a little air.

"But you will sing?" asked Arnold.

"And disturb that terrible doctor?"

"Oh, we are not much afraid of him," laughed Arnold. "Besides you can sing in a low tone."

So she sang for him a little song with which she often delighted her father.

Meanwhile the sages grey were engaged in much wiser converse.

"See here, Doctor," said Mr. Preston, "I'm very glad you dropped in."

"Why?"

"Well, I'm very much troubled about he government. I believe it's in a very bad state."

"Pshaw!" said the Doctor, "I'm not a doctor of diseased governments."

"No, of course not," said Mr. Preston hastily; "but tell me honestly, Doctor—you've heard of this civil service reform everybody's crazy about?"

"Of course," responded the Doctor.

"What do you think of it?"

"Well, I think very little of it."

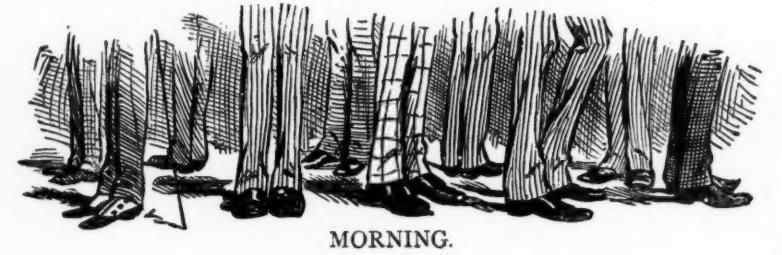
"But honestly, Doctor, shall we get it?"

"Perhaps."

"Ah," said Mr. Preston rubbing his hands, "I think so too; but when, Doctor?"

"Well," said the Doctor, "there was a little boy, who

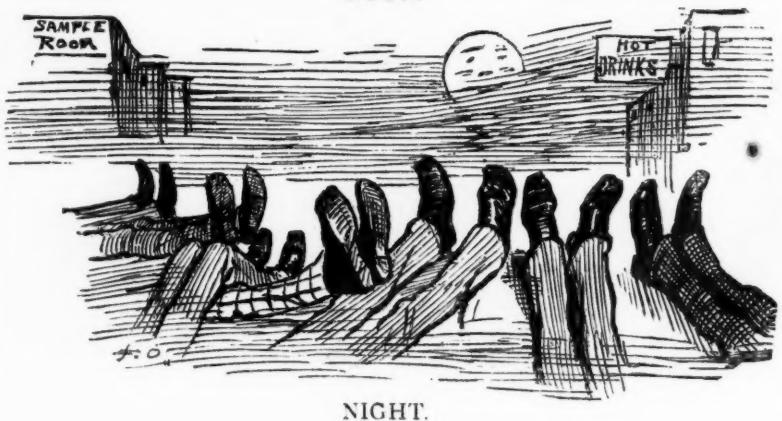
LAST NEW YEAR'S DAY.



MORNING.



NOON.



NIGHT.

cried for the moon. Perhaps he'll get it, but no one knows when."

"I tell you, Doctor," said Mr. Preston decisively, "it must come. The solid men have taken hold of the matter."

"Well," said the Doctor, "weight's like blood, it will tell."

"And we mean to make it tell. We've found a society and we mean to push the thing."

"I don't know," said the Doctor calmly, "but that is a very good thing. There are some diseases which the regular physicians cannot handle. Those are relegated to the quacks."

"That's polite, Doctor."

"Perhaps not," said the Doctor, "but it's true."

"Anyhow we mean to-cure the disease."

"Of course you do. Intentions are the best things in the world, and so are nostrums. But come, we'll go and hear Bessie sing."

"Wait a moment, Doctor," said Mr. Preston. "Who is this young man whom you introduced to us?"

"One of the best youngsters living," answered the Doctor heartily. "An honest, high-minded, clear-headed, young fellow. I've known him all his life."

"And his business and family?"

"He's a lawyer," promptly responded the Doctor, "rising in his profession I believe, and his family is unexceptionable."

"Then," said Mr. Preston with a sigh of relief, "he can properly come here, I suppose?"

"Why," said the Doctor with considerable feeling, "you don't suppose I'd introduce anyone to Bessie who wasn't a proper person?"

"No," said Mr. Preston slowly.

"Of course I wouldn't," said the Doctor; "but come and hear the little one sing."

So the Doctor and Mr. Preston walked to the piano. As they reached it, Bessie looked up solemnly at the Doctor and asked:

"Do you ever talk to nobodies?"

"Not if I can help it," said the Doctor laughing.

"Then you didn't come over here to speak to us?"

"Not a bit of it," answered the Doctor laughing. "I came over to hear you sing."

"Oh, then a nobody can sing?"

"When she's my pretty little good-natured god-daughter, she can," said the Doctor.

"Phew, Doctor," exclaimed Bessie, "how you rain compliments!"

"And now do you pour notes," said he.

While the two old gentlemen had conversed on politics, Bessie and Arnold had managed to become somewhat acquainted with each other. As they lived in the same city, they had a thousand and one things to chat about, and in the course of their conversation they even found that they had some mutual acquaintances. Arnold had a bright, easy way of saying what he had to say, and Bessie was ever ready to venture her little jest, or to sport merrily around any topic of conversation.

Bessie sang for them two or three songs, and then the Doctor insisted that he must retire.

"Come, Arnold," said he, "and I'll walk a little way with you."

Of course, under the circumstances, Arnold was compelled to accept that invitation, though he would much have preferred to stay where he was. He gave the instructions which had been given to him by the Chairman of the meeting to Mr. Preston, and then retired with the Doctor. As the two gentlemen left the parlor Mr. Preston said:

"Come again, gentlemen."

"Oh, yes, come again, Doctor," exclaimed Bessie. Then she paused, as if she feared that the invitation, put in that way, might be offensive to her other guest, but the light in her eyes seemed to give him all the invitation he desired, and he bowed as if she had spoken.

"Now I suppose," said the Doctor, as they sauntered along the Avenue, "that you cursed me soundly for taking you away."

"Well," said Arnold laughing, "I didn't bless you."

"Of course you didn't, and yet I did you a very good turn. You're half spoony already. Oh, you've excuse enough," added the Doctor as Arnold blushed. "But, if I hadn't taken you away, you'd have worn your welcome out, and that would have been poor policy."

"I believe you're right, Doctor," said Arnold.

"I'm always right," said the Doctor solemnly, "except when my patients die."

After the Doctor had left him, Arnold walked slowly homeward. His mind was full of the charming girl he had left. He was inclined to go further than the Doctor did, and to admit that he was much more than half spoony. Never, he admitted to himself, had he seen such a charming woman. Never had a mere commonplace errand ended in such a pleasant evening. How lucky, he thought, it was that the Doctor had called, for otherwise he felt now that he would have left that house wishing and hoping to make the acquaintance of that charming girl, and have spent mercy only knows how much time in accomplishing that object, and now—well, just then he found himself at his home.

[To be concluded.]

RETALIATION.



SINCE THE LADIES COPY THE MEN'S COSTUMES,
WHY SHOULD NOT WE TAKE OUR REVENGE IN THIS
WAY?

"NONE NAME IT BUT TO PRAISE."

We approach with a feeling of awe the task of making the announcement that PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1881 is now ready, and for sale at the usual places. This sounds like a very tame declaration; it would be if it related to any other subject. But the appearance of PUCK'S ANNUAL is no common event. There is nothing in the slightest degree ancient about the work but the name. The contents are numerous, fresh and sparkling. We would add also, amusing, were it not for the liability to misinterpretation of the word by a number of fools who are not subscribers of the *Times*. Amusing—in the PUCK'S ANNUAL sense—means not simply entertaining in the ordinary sense, but irritative—in the hygienic sense; instructive, elevating; and we use this word in an intelligent sense. It is impossible, without printing the whole of it, to demonstrate its diversified merits; so take the book on its record, and on the record of its godfather, the incomparable PUCK.—*Fulton Times*.

A holiday pamphlet corresponding with the midsummer PUCK ON WHEELS is just out, brimming with good things from the pencils of Keppler, Opper and the rest, and from the pens of the perennial Dusenbury, Fitznoodle and their fellow littérateurs. The almanac at the beginning is ornamented with pictures appropriate to each month—not the slow-going sleigh-ride in January and the farmer in June, but life-like portraits of Mr. PUCK in various attitudes and associations—and we will match him against all the sleigh-riding and agricultural gentlemen in Christendom for drawing a crowd. We do not mind backing his Prognostications, either, against Venor's. We wish we could copy "Kaptain Kydd, the Krashin Krusher of the Karribean," a blood-curdling tale by Captain Mandeville Blogen, illustrations and all; or the authentic history of the evening when "Mr. Gaffer Entertains his Museum Company;" but space, convenience, and a decent regard for our readers' sides forbid. Let everybody buy PUCK'S ANNUAL, take it to his closet, and get through his first fit of roaring before making an exhibition of himself in the presence of his friends.—*Syracuse Evening Herald*.

One of the brightest and cheeriest of holiday publications is PUCK'S ANNUAL, a charming and profusely illustrated book of over a hundred pages. The pictures are in PUCK's best style for conception and execution. We are forced to remark, more out of a spirit of justice than from local pride, that it is inaccurate to say of the Philadelphia evening papers in a lump that they "are issued about half-past ten o'clock and distributed the following morning." The *Chronicle-Herald* always manages to get around before supper time, and if PUCK could see the howling mob of newsboys waiting to disseminate the germs and gems of thought, fact and fancy, there would be a revision of that savage shot in the second edition of the ANNUAL. In that event we might agree to make up.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

Knowing from past pleasant experiences that it would be good, we hazarded nothing in giving PUCK'S ANNUAL a gilt-edged puff in advance of its appearance. Its contents so far transcend our most sanguine expectations that we fail to find words to convey a discriminating commendation without descending to what might seem to be fulsome flattery. It is true, Philadelphia, with which we feel closely identified, comes in for another hard hit, but inasmuch as the metropolis of the region, Camden, escapes, we may not be too tenacious over the treatment of our suburban neighbor.—*Camden Daily Post*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for next year—we shall not pretend to write the exact date just yet—is a valuable addition to the metaphysical, psychological, astronomical, amatory, mashological, zoological, social, poetical, and comical literature of the day. We haven't quite got through digesting it yet, but there is a vast deal of valuable humor floating around its well-filled and illustrated pages. We have laughed over that showman's party until the tears have welled up into the aird and thingamis of our lachrymose ducts. If ducts isn't the correct expression, try "weeps." It is worth the price of the book.—*N. Y. Comm. Advertiser*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1881 is out and fully justifies all the lofty expectations of the public, who weekly feast on the good things in that journal. It is loaded with the cream of humorous writings, every line of which was prepared expressly for its pages, and hundreds of illustrations, any one of which is worth more than a liver pad to bilious Americans.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1881 is the funniest publication issued this season. If you have the blues, get a copy of it from any newsdealer and peruse its illustrated pages. The side-splitting humor to be found in every paragraph will furnish you uproarious fun for an hour, at the rate of five laughs per minute. Everybody should be able to relish a little nonsense now and then.—*Alleghany Mail*.

FINE SILK HATS, \$3.20; worth \$5; DERBIES, \$1.90; worth \$3.00. 15 New Church St., up stairs.

The Crown Tooth Brushes are stamped on handle—"The Crown Brush, London Made. Warranted Perfect."

PUCK.

NEW PARLOR MAGIC.

THE EGG BALANCER.

A little preparation is needed for this trick. A chair must be procured with a thick wooden seat, through which a gimlet hole must be bored. In this hole must be placed a large needle, point upward, and which must be made to slide freely by means of a stout twine arranged with eyelets, so that a sort of stirrup for the foot will hang at the back of the chair. Some gentleman—a young gentleman of small muscular development would be best—is then selected and seated in the chair. After carefully blindfolding him, five duck eggs are placed in each hand, extended at arm's length, and a basket of hen's eggs placed on his head, though a single ostrich egg can be used in place of these last, if hen's eggs are difficult to procure. When all is arranged, you wager \$10 that the young man cannot retain his position and avoid breaking the eggs for the space of five minutes. Great care should here be exercised to select a well-trained confederate for the stakeholder. When four minutes have expired, throw your weight suddenly on the string alluded to, when the young man will rise to explain, smashing the eggs over himself and the carpet, and, of course, losing the bet. This trick never fails to elicit roars of laughter, which can be greatly added to if the eggs are culled from among those left over from the late political campaign. In that case, however, the balancer chosen should be a person whose means would not admit of the employment of a highbinder, or else the point of the needle should be carefully poisoned so as to finish him on the spot.—*Derrick Dodd in San Francisco Post.*

He sat on a window-sill in the Post-office and jingled forty cents in change, and when another boy asked him if he was going out to look for Christmas presents he replied:

"No, I hain't. I'm in luck this year."

"How?"

"Well, my sister is down with the measles, and she can't expect anything but medicine. Ben run away two weeks ago, and I won't have to get him anything. Mam pulled my hair yesterday, and she knows she's gone up for any Christmas present."

"But there's your father?"

"Oh, yes. I expected I was stuck on the old man, and was kinder looking around for a nice pipe, but this morning he gave me one on the ear, and that settled his Christmas goose in a second. These 'ere forty cents are going to be used to buy a good boy a heap of peanuts, taffy, chestnuts and candy, and the good boy is ju t my size and age."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Ten dollars. Quite a sum to pay
For one, who earns but four a day,
For just a single evening's fun.
It seems so, now the thing is done.
Three for the carriage, for you know
I never could ask her to go
With that swell dress—the shade écrù
And train strung out a yard or two—
In a plain horse-car. And so nice
She looked, I do not grudge the price.
Three more for seats—down centre aisle
And four rows back—just right for style.
The curtain rose. How time will pass,
While gazing through an opera-glass.
The curtain fell. Once more we stood
Outside, and then the thought of food
Itself presented. She said, yes,
She felt quite hungry. You can guess
That what we ate, with just a bit
Of rosé wine to season it,
Used up that other four. Time sped,
I took her home. Goodnight was said,
Then to my own home came I straight;
And here I sit and meditate.
The cash I had four hours ago
Is gone. I've naught for it to show.
Have I regrets for it? Not one.
'Twas folly, but, by Jove, 'twas fun!—
—Boston Post.

DE LESSEPS has nine babies, two canals and
R. W. Thompson to care for; and yet he remains
sanguine, quite so.—*New Haven Register*.

We beg to inform our many friends and
constituents that our cane and bald-headed
eagle departments are entirely full, but that we
would not refuse if positively compelled to ac-
cept a house and lot, a horse and buggy, or a
barrel for revenue only.—*N. Y. Commercial Ad-
vertiser*.

SHOULD General Grant be honored with
some new military title, let it be something dis-
tinctive and American, not English, French,
Spanish or Siamese. Suggestions are in order.
—*N. Y. Comm. Adv.* How would Uncle Sam
General do? It would just duplicate his ini-
tials, and it might save money that way.—
Phil. Bulletin.

Tell the Sick.
Thousands of lives are destroyed by diseases of the kidneys
and liver. Kidney-Wort would save them. Tell the sick of it,
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London Times.

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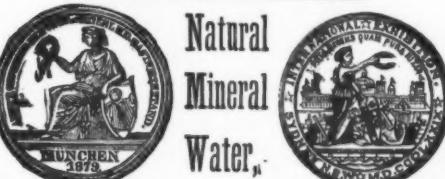
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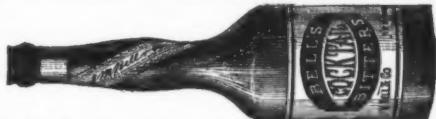
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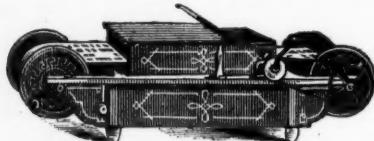
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GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

We venture to assert that there are now written and held in reserve an average of two hundred puns to the State announcing that a Chicago girl found a piano in the toe of her stocking Christmas morning. This is universally recognized as the national joke.—*Modern Argosy*.

We are told that the Chinamen cannot whistle. All remarks of ours about moon-eyed lepers, or in any way derogatory to the elevated plateau of civilization occupied so ably by the estimable gentlemen of the Flower Kingdom are here and now declared off, and are henceforth and forever to be considered as never writ or spoken.—*Boston Transcript*.

THE duty on hippopotami imported from Africa is twenty per cent. Under a "tariff for revenue only," these animals would have been shipped here almost free of duty, and in a little while our bull-dogs, cats and other home productions in the way of pets, would have been crowded out of the market and some of our industries crippled. The wisdom of electing a Republican President becomes more apparent every day.—*Norristown Herald*.

He was a young reporter, and he thought he'd do a smart thing; so he stole the sermon of an eminent divine before church Sunday morning and carried it to the office, so they had it in type and on the street by the time church was out. But as the reporter had stolen the sermon the divine couldn't preach it, and had to use another, and of course that made the paper appear ridiculous, and the reporter would like to hear of a job and a cure for bruises.—*Boston Post*.

"Phat forr ye call me a Jew?" said an excited Irishman, shaking a club at a Dutch saloon-keeper the other night; "how dhare ye?"

"Dot is von kampaigen chalnder!" said the beer-jerker, indignantly; "who tolle you dot?"

"Bill Finighan heard ye."

"Now dot ish youst like dot Feenegan," explained the German. "I don't said you was a Jew. I said a nice chew; dot was all right—don't it?"

"A phat?"

"A chew; vot dose ignorand hootlum poys, vot don't got no edukation, calls a chaw."

But he knocked him down, all the same.—*San Francisco Post*.

Truth and Honor.

Query.—What is the best family medicine in the world to regulate the bowels, purify the blood, remove costiveness and biliousness, aid digestion, and tone up the whole system? Truth and honor compel us to answer: "Hop Bitters; being pure, perfect and harmless." See another column.—*Toledo Blade*.

"Here, Jimmy, run up to Jones, and get me a ten cent package of BLACKWELL'S FRAGRANT DURHAM BULL SMOKING TOBACCO. See here, I mean the genuine Durham. Look for the Bull on it, and take no other." "All right, sir, I noes it; dee kant fool me."

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MR. HAYES has a small piece of backbone which he occasionally exhibits.—*N. Y. Herald*.

THERE seems to be no end to cheats. Oily-margarine is now made without the least bit of oily-margarine in it.—*New Haven Register*.

MISS SUSAN COOLIDGE plaintively remarks that "poems are heavenly things;" and so, we may add, are waste baskets.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

'TWAS a remarkable escape of Sadie in Boston. A little more, and a whole cupboard of pasteboard bric-à-brac would have fallen upon her, injuring it seriously against her many angles.—*New Haven Register*.

THE HOUSTON *Post* says Susan B. Anthony is the author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl." It is a gross falsehood. She never confessed her life.—*Elmira Free Press*. As she never frivoled, what had she to confess?—*Buffalo Express*.

THIS woman had outdoor nerves, didn't want to vote, and would hold a husband with a firm grip. "I beg your pardon," said he, "for the smoke in the room, madam." "Not at all. I rather like it. It smells as if there was a man around."—*Cincinnati Sat. Night*.

A BRUISED and battered three-cent piece was seen lying on the street the other day. By actual count, 6001 persons looked at it and passed it by, supposing that it was a contribution dropped by a rich capitalist to the Grant fund.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald*.

EDONIA, December, Year Two.

Dear Eve:

I have been on the rampage now one month, prospecting for our new home, and have seen some ranches that will do pretty well, but none of them just the ticket. The old garden is a hard place to beat, but we have lost that, and are turned out now to root hog or die. We will fight it out now on this line if it takes all summer. Eating that apple was a great blunder, but, my dear girl, let bygones be bygones, there is hope for us yet. Just as soon as I strike a good claim I will come back to you. Watch over Cain closely; he is a brick. The weather is raw and cold. I feel that I am too thinly clad.

No more now from your loving ADAM.
P. S.—Has Cain cut another tooth yet?—*Josh Billings's Cook Book*.

[Walla Walla Watchman.]

Wise Words of a Willing Witness.

At the close of a mass meeting, according to the report of the same published in a La Grange paper, reference was made to the phenomenal efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in the many painful diseases to which mankind is subject. We refer to the above as showing how strong a hold the old German Remedy for Rheumatism has on the experience and good wishes of the great public.

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AN astronomical writer in PUCK'S ANNUAL says a man might travel millions and millions of miles in space, and then he wouldn't be half way there. This is what discourages so many persons from attempting the journey.—*Norristown Herald*.

THE Hon. Mr. Fitznoodle, loq.—Saw Frawn-cis Dwake is to have an, aw, statue on Plymouth avenue. Vewy pwopah, indeed. By the way, who was this, aw, Dwake?—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

It is generally when you are not looking for a woman that you get on her trail.—PUCK. Yes; and you always hear the belle as soon as you get on the train.—*Norr. Herald*.

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